

Bill Miller

"Many Trails"

Visit "[Many Trails](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A boy heard the voice of the whippoorwill one night
And went out to find where he was singing
He had to walk quite a ways through a big field
Because the song of the whippoorwill carried so well in
the wind
He sounded much closer then he really was

And on the way the boy found a well worn trail
So he stayed on it for a while
And sitting in the middle of the trail was coyote
And coyote was singing too

He turned and saw the boy and he said
"Why are you following me?"
The boy was frightened and said
"Well, the trail you made happened to be a short
And easy way through this field.

Then coyote asked, "Well, if you're not following me
Then why are you here?"
"Well, I heard the beautiful song of the whippoorwill
And wanted to watch him sing"

"Well, do you not think my songs are beautiful?", said
coyote
"Oh", said the boy, "They're good but I hear you all the
time
I much prefer the songs of the whippoorwill"
This made coyote furious and he was jealous of the
whippoorwill's song

He said, "Listen to my night song you might like this
one"
And he pulled back his head and yodeled out a tune
The boy covered his ears and politely said
"Thank you for the song but I must be going now"

"Well", coyote said
"I can show you a short cut to the whippoorwill boy
And where he sings is just over there"
Pointing his claw, smiling out of the side of his mouth

The boy paused, looked around
He knew the night was passing fast so he agreed to
follow coyote
But coyote's trail was rough and rocky
And the boy fell in quite a few gopher holes along the
way

Coyote turned around and laughed
And he yelled to the boy, "We're almost there, hurry
up"
Coyote was at a full trot but the boy
Had just fallen again and hurt his knee

And by the time he got to the place
Where the whippoorwill had been singing all night
It was morning, Whippoorwill was gone and so was
coyote
In fact he could hear coyote's songs in another field

So the boy turned and headed for home
Covered with burns, mosquito bites and a skinned up
knee
And it was many summers later
When the boy became a wiser man

And he realized, there are no shortcuts
To find something you really love
But there are many trails in this life
So you must stay true to your path
And always keep an eye out for coyote

Visit [Bill Miller](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.